

THE PILGRIM SPIRIT

FROM Lord Wavell's historic speech to the Pilgrims we have already quoted some memorable passages. His graphic phrases were indeed a challenge to all who live in the years immediately after the war. "One cause of the ills from which we now suffer," said Lord Wavell, "is that in recent years we have ceased to be wanderers; that we have become too set and content and that we have lost the pilgrim spirit."

The pilgrim spirit! That is a call to which all true men born within the isles of Britain must awake. It is in these islands that the restless spirit of the wanderer ever looking for adventure has been hailed for a thousand years and more. It is from these shores that have been marshalled and launched those pilgrim adventures which have discovered new continents, mapped the world, and added new countries to the map. The restless wandering of ocean journeys, of great explorations across the continents has been fostered in these islands. In appealing to the pilgrim spirit in us Lord Wavell touched a high chord in our national character.

That spirit has been too long asleep. It almost died in the years between the wars. Lord Wavell warns us that we have been guided too much by "two terrible slogans—Safety First and Business as Usual; no mottoes could be more calculated to destroy the spirit or life of a people."

Days of Discipline

The hour has come to revive the pilgrim spirit. The war has already begun the revival. Bold daring, cool courage, the readiness to give and to sacrifice, for centuries the heritage of the British people, are all again active. Our young men have again crossed the horizons, ploughed through the silent oceans, and encountered the trackless desert. The comfortable, settled ways of a million British homes have been disrupted by the claims of the vast undertaking of war. The pilgrim spirit has been roused again into action, and men, women, and children have risen out of lethargy and ease into days of discipline and hard living. We must not sink back again.

The pilgrim spirit will be needed to win the peace. The hopes of all men for peace will not come with the end of fighting. Peace has to be striven for no less than military victory. Peace calls for boldness, courage, and risk no less than war. In the last period of peace we assumed too easily the virtues and delights of peace. The discipline and devotion to a great cause was lacking, so this priceless prize slipped through our unworthy fingers.

THIS time the pilgrim spirit will keep before us the high ideals of peace among the nations. It will make those ideals high and noble and worth working hard and long to attain. We must all be in the pilgrim army of peacemakers, not mere "wishful thinkers" for peace, but a whole nation determined to have peace through the order and discipline of our national life.

Britain must lead the van, as zealous to win this peace as she is to win this war, and displaying the same valour and self-dedication. Nothing less will give us the right to be the heirs of that immense wealth of high resolve and achievement now crowning our national life.

The pilgrim spirit will be needed to fight the evils of peace. The true pilgrim is a confident wrestler with evil. As in Bunyan's great allegory he marches on to the Celestial

City through unending setbacks and defeats. He meets the fiery darts of the Evil One and arms himself for the conflicts of peace no less than for those of war. We shall need that spirit if our land is to be a recreated homeland fit for a great people. Political liberty is ours, freedom of speech and worship is ours, but they were won at a high price by vigilant men who counted not the cost of the battle. It will be for us to win economic freedom and security for all men. Britain led the world in the provision of political liberty, let her lead the world in providing a secure standard of living for all peoples.

The Sun is Breaking Through

To achieve this we shall need large draughts of the pilgrim spirit. The task and toil will not be a burden, but a benefit to be conferred on all the human race. The pilgrim spirit has a spring and resilience which prevent men from sleeping at their posts or from thinking that the toil and battle of life is over when the armies march home. It is then that the real conflict begins. We are today clearing away the verminous undergrowth from the life of the nations. The jungle of disorder, lies, and tyranny which has spread across the world is being hewn away. The sun is breaking through once more and the pilgrim is marching head high toward the Celestial City. But, like Bunyan's pilgrim, he can easily be tempted to slip back to some quiet spot on the way or to some sure place, and thus avoid the conflicts to come.

Then said Christian, You make me afraid, but whither shall I fly to be safe? If I go back to mine own country, that is prepared for Fire and Brimstone; and I shall certainly perish there. If I can get to the Celestial City, I am sure to be in safety there. I must venture. To go back is nothing but death; to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it. I will yet go forward.

So the pilgrim spirit will be needed to keep the peace. Our young men and women will see peace not as a period of easily won comfort. There will be more demands for hard jobs than easy ones. There will be a readiness to sink the claims of self in the life of the community. We shall exalt the simple purposes of living rather than the low designs of money-grabbing, quick returns, and doubtful dealings. To keep the peace will need the power of all the nation's pilgrims who see the vision of the Celestial City and know that to attain it the pilgrim must march and work and toil.

Enemies of Mankind

The peace will be kept by seeing that its days are full of the great achievements for all the nations. Disease, want, poverty, insecurity, fear, and squalor are enemies of mankind. To slay them the true pilgrim will unsheathe his sword and call aloud to a great company of his fellows to join him in his warfare. That is the pilgrim spirit which must be kept awake, and now is the time to resolve that it shall be done. Now, while the vision of noble things is clear and hopes of the future run high, is the time to form great resolutions. It is now we see clearly the visions of the pilgrim spirit and what reservoirs of courage and adventure there are among us. Now, therefore, must we prepare to harness the pilgrim spirit to the immense task of peace and to enrol the legions of the pilgrim army.

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Miss Twelve-Year-Old Takes a Hurdle

HAPPY POPCORN MAN

AN American friend travelling in Virginia noticed on the outskirts of a village a very old man in a tidy garden and, mentioning him to the garage attendant when she stopped shortly afterwards for petrol, was told that he was 90 and the oldest inhabitant.

"Heaven will never have an hour's idleness charged to his record," said the garage man. "Uncle Joe used to work in the big fields, but now that he is not strong enough for that, he spends all his time growing popcorn—and he never fails to have a

bumper crop. But he has never sold a grain of it. He gives it all away at an annual Christmas party for every child in the country round.

"That old man is happy every day in the year. Soon after Christmas he begins planning his next crop; he is always busy, selecting his seed, planting, caring for it, or giving his harvest away; and through him the children are learning to think of what they can do to make others happy. No, he does not talk about what he does—his life speaks for him."

Tug-of-War With an Eel

ONE of our brave divers has told a thrilling tale of a fight with a huge conger eel. He was working on the foundations of a lighthouse when, feeling that he was being watched, he suddenly saw the biggest conger eel he had ever seen looking out of a hole above his head.

He pulled his signal cord and was drawn up, but soon went down again armed with a line and hook baited with a mackerel. He dangled this over the hole,

and at its second attempt the monster swallowed both bait and hook.

The eel tried to drag him into the hole, but by getting both feet against the rock the diver just managed to hold his own.

A grim tug-of-war followed, but at last the eel weakened and was hauled up. It was six and a half feet long, with a neck two feet round! Small wonder it had proved so formidable an adversary.

Hitler's River of Destiny

THE tremendous conflict in Eastern Europe has now centred on the Dnieper, the third biggest river in Europe with only the Volga and Danube exceeding it in length.

Unlike its bigger brother, the Volga, the Dnieper has no world-famous song of the boatmen to enshrine it in the memory; but it has a value to Russia which is incalculable, for it pours its waters into a sea accessible to ships from every quarter of the world, whereas the Volga flows into the land-locked Caspian.

The Dnieper's chief service is the conveyance of grain and other agricultural products of the fertile Ukraine to Odessa, the magnificent port near its mouth in the Black Sea. It is about 1400 miles long, rising in the Valdai Hills in the province of Smolensk and soon becoming navigable. It has carved out a great valley for itself, 500 feet deep in places, and characteristic of its course is that the western bank is much higher than the eastern. Therefore the Russian armies have a harder task to capture its basin than had the Nazis.

The width of the river, too, makes its crossing no light undertaking, for even at Smolensk it is a quarter of a mile wide, while at its junction with the Pripiet it is

a mile wide, and in the Ekaterinoslav district a mile and a quarter.

In recent years the Russians have worked miracles in improving this tremendous waterway, and linking it by canals with other rivers, so that its rapids and rocks are less formidable obstacles to navigation.

Ice, of course, holds up traffic for part of the year, some 100 days at Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine, and about 80 days at Kherson, at the head of its wide estuary. We may venture to suggest that even Hitler's fevered brow will not be sufficient to melt the ice before Nature's appointed time, but we are confident that the problem of holding this natural defence line must be giving him a very severe headache. Smolensk and other important towns have already fallen and bridgeheads have been established on the west bank of the river.

Hitler will be compelled to seek a new defensive line against the victorious advance of the foe he once scorned. Thus has the strategy based on his famous intuition ended in disaster.

CALL-UP TO FIFTY

IN thousands of British homes there have been heartburnings and misgivings over the Government proposals to call up women of 45 to 50. Here were proposals seeming to threaten the very sanctity of the home, and round empty grates families kept warm discussing them. It was not that the ladies themselves dreaded the prospect—such organisations as the WVS and the Housewives Service show that they do not lag behind the nation's war effort—but rather the fear that the family might suffer. But apparently all is well. There has been much misunderstanding and the Ministry of Labour has been at great pains to show that it does not intend to become a Ministry of Hard Labour.

After a long debate in the House of Commons, Mr McCordale, Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, stated that the great majority of the women in question will probably not be called up for interview after they have registered. The information supplied by the women on registration, or later,

will probably be quite enough to show that no further steps need be taken in their cases. In many cases, he went on, they will already be found to be doing work of national importance. A woman caring for war workers in her home is doing work of national importance no less than those in the factories.

Those living in areas where there is no work within reach of their homes will not be troubled any further. Women with domestic responsibilities which prevent their doing any other work will not be called up, and where question of physical fitness arises, women will be treated most sympathetically.

Where as much voluntary work is being done as can reasonably be expected, women will not be asked to do other work, and no woman will be compelled to work without her case having been put to a Women's Panel for advice, or if necessary to a local Appeal Board.

So it was a happy 6000 Mr Churchill and his colleagues praised at a secret meeting of women at the Albert Hall last week.

Boys and Girls For Aircraft Factories

THE call for aircraft is so urgent that all boys and girls will in future have to register in the month in which they become 16 so that they can be drafted into the aircraft factories if needed without delay. This means that about 33,000 will register each month.

Their parents will be consulted before they are directed into work. Those who are sent to aircraft factories will usually be employed in fitting shops and assembly plants.

There have been many boys and girls in our war factories ever since Dunkirk at least, and splendidly have they acquitted themselves. A friend of the CN, who worked for some time in an

aircraft factory in the South of England, recalls in particular a mite of a girl in brown overalls who toiled long hours, from early in the morning to late in the afternoon, at her sewing-machine.

She was 16, but looked far less, for she stood under five feet high, and had the face and figure of a doll. She earned sixpence an hour, and the wage packet she took home on Friday night was a slender one. Yet she was as happy and bright, in her shy little way, as any girl could be, and as proud as a peacock about the work she did. That work was indeed important, for it went to make one of our finest aeroplanes.

GOOD HEALTH DURING THE WAR

IN spite of the severe strain of war on the health of our people, their health has been maintained with astonishing success.

This fact was made clear by Mr Ernest Brown, the Minister of Health, in reporting upon the health of the nation for the year ended March 31 last. But, as it is necessary to remind ourselves, the strains of war are progressive, and we have always to look to the long-term effects. The war began at the approach of winter, and we are now approaching the fifth winter of the contest. We cannot, therefore, relax watchfulness.

The report shows that the year broke records in vital statistics, apart from two most serious diseases. The death rates among both males and females were the lowest ever recorded, and the cases of infectious disease were probably the lowest on record. There was, however, a considerable increase in short-term sickness. In 1942 the deaths in England and Wales, including non-civilian deaths in this country and those due to enemy attack, numbered 480,137, or 55,043 less than in 1931. Among females the death rate was 6.84 per 1000, and among civilian males the death rate was 9.52.

The deaths of children at the pre-school age of one to five, which had declined by no less than 47 per cent between 1931-5 and 1939, showed a further improvement of two per cent in 1942. At the school ages of five to 15, the low level reached in 1939 was regained. Births were 654,039, an increase of 66,811, the rate being the highest since 1931.

A NATIONAL MEDICAL SERVICE

EVERYONE will agree with Lord Dawson of Penn that the medical profession, to whom we are all so much indebted, must necessarily have much to say in the shaping and organisation of the nation's new Health Service.

It is, therefore, good to know that at the final session of the annual representative meeting of the British Medical Association, held last month, general assent was given to the setting up of a comprehensive national medical service, subject, of course, to agreement upon details. If for no other reason, the meeting was good because it disposed of the false suggestion that the Beveridge Plan proposed a whole-time salaried State Medical Service. Also it was made clear, by a specific resolution, that the doctors are in agreement with the general principles of the Beveridge Plan. In fact, the British Medical Association was consulted by Sir William Beveridge in preparing his scheme.

We may note that at the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association it was decided that the BMA should seek to establish a corporate body, and not a Government department, for the administration of a National Medical Service. No doubt there will be much argument on this point, but we do want to feel that our doctors are given the fullest opportunity to serve their noble profession.

Little News Reels

STANDARDS commemorating 25 years of service in the Royal Air Force and its predecessors, the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service, have been awarded to 30 RAF squadrons.

Eight aeroplanes of Canadian Airways have completed the largest single contract for air freight-carrying ever given, 4000 tons of freight having been flown to the new Shipshaw dam in Northern Quebec.

More than 63,500,000 United States citizens are engaged in industry or serving in the armed forces.

Dr J. J. C. Bradfield, designer and chief engineer of the famous Sydney Harbour Bridge, has died in Australia at the age of 75.

A recent issue of the London Gazette had a supplement of 20 pages giving the names of 1200 officers and men receiving awards or mentioned in dispatches for distinguished service in Africa and Sicily.

The Royal Norwegian Air Force, re-formed in Britain from 120 men after the fall of Norway, has shot down over 100 German aeroplanes.

The British Colour Council is soon to publish a dictionary with 200 different shades.

The New Zealand election has resulted in another Labour Government.

Sir John Anderson is the new Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Ministry of Food is to buy the complete Argentine export of eggs in 1943-44 season.

There are now over 4000 clubs and hostels for Service men and women in Britain.

Dr Caroline Nompozo, who has recently graduated at Glasgow University, is the first woman of colour from the Union of South Africa to qualify in medicine.

THE Chief Native Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia has suggested that all doctors serving remote districts in the Native Reserves should be provided with air ambulances, and that landing grounds should be set up near to the native clinic.

A Glamorgan postwoman has in 46 years walked 140,000 miles delivering letters.

Youth News Reel

SIXTY years ago, on October 4, 1883, Sir William Smith held his first drill parade for 30 boys of his Glasgow Mission Sunday School. That was the beginning of the Boys' Brigade, which now has more than 100,000 members in the British Isles and many thousands of members overseas.

The 1st Whyteleafe (Surrey) Scout Group formed a savings centre on their trek-cart during Wings Week and collected £100.

The Winchcombe (Gloucestershire) Scout Troop and Wolf Cub Pack have presented a new Bible for the Lectern in Winchcombe Parish Church.

Sixteen charities received benefit from the annual fête of the Bartons and Worton (Oxfordshire) Scout Group.

The Guide Fund for a B-P Memorial has now reached £90,433.

Millions Taxed as They Earn

THERE can be few homes in this country where the new proposals for the collection of income tax are not being discussed.

The late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Kingsley Wood, had drawn up for the Government a complete plan to enable 10,000,000 persons who are paid by the week to pay their income tax in the form of a deduction from their wages. Sir Kingsley had always been esteemed for the care he showed to make the payment of taxes as convenient as may be to the taxpayer. No previous Chancellor had so difficult a task entrusted to him, and none was more happy in the methods he adopted.

The payment of income tax by weekly wage earners presented difficulties through fluctuating earnings and through the problem of dealing with arrears of tax, payable on income earned some months previously, and demanded perhaps at a time of lower earnings or unemployment. The new scheme wipes out such difficulties by levying upon current earnings.

Thus the weekly wage earner will be set free from any worry about arrears, for in future this tax will be for current and not past earnings.

The new method applies only to those paid on a weekly basis; those paid on the basis of a longer period are excluded as their income usually remains constant. Briefly the scheme will be worked in this way:

Weekly wage earners will be given a code number corresponding to their tax allowances

(for wife, children, and so on). The employer will be given a tax deduction card for each employee, showing the individual code number. The employer will enter the week's earnings by this employee on the card, and by consulting an official book of tax tables he will find for each pay day the amount of tax it is his duty to deduct. He will enter the tax deduction and the net sum paid to his employee in parallel columns; and he will also add to previous totals in other parallel columns the gross earnings and the tax deduction so that both earnings and tax paid up to date can be seen at a glance.

The employees can readily check the figures.

If the wage earner has his earnings reduced by sickness, or if his family increases so that his tax liability is reduced, the amount of tax deducted from his weekly earnings is correspondingly reduced, or he may even be entitled to receive money back. For example, the arrival of a second child in the tenth month of the financial year would immediately entitle a wage earner averaging £9 a week to a refund of £18 18s., a very excellent bonus to welcome the new arrival!

THINGS SEEN

A peach weighing 13½ ounces growing in a Bedfordshire garden.

A queue of seven horses outside a smithy at Dunsby in Lincolnshire waiting to be shod.

A hollyhock over 14 feet tall in a garden near Workson.

Going to the Berries

SOLOMON bade sluggards go to the ant for example and inspiration. A writer in a newspaper has been directing us once more to the berries for forecasts.

Holly and hawthorn abound with berries, so, says the writer, "the prophecy is freely made that the coming winter will be hard." Was there ever a clearer case of putting the cart before the horse, of making the completion of a cycle of past events a pointer to the future?

Do oaks and beeches take thought and produce extra measure of acorns and mast for squirrels and jays during a rigorous winter foreseen? No man, whether learned in meteorology or merely weather-wise, as we say, can predict with cer-

tainty what weather we shall have even a week ahead. How, then, can tree or shrub foretell the course of climatic conditions for a whole winter?

The gift of prophecy, denied to uninspired Man, is not committed by Providence to the vegetable world.

The harvest, whether it comes to reward the husbandman's labour, or as the unsought bounty of unassisted Nature, is not a prophecy of things to be, but a mute declaration that sun and shower, the winds and the astringent effect of frost, have each played their part, so that if every tree and shrub died to-night their seed would remain to replenish the denuded earth and restore its fruits.

HOME SWEET HOME

When a landing was made on Stromboli an Italian was seen seated on a lump of lava and calmly reading an American newspaper.

He was addressed in halting Italian and replied in sound New York accents. He said that he was born on Stromboli but went as a boy to New York, where he slaved and saved his dollars to be able to spend the end of his life at home. He was now realising his dream.

Stromboli, a tiny island some fifty miles north of Sicily, consists of not much more than an ever-active volcano about 3000 feet high. There seemed nothing on the spot to live for—but it was home.

THE FIRE ALARM

Railway staffs on British lines have received special instructions to prevent and fight fires. When engine-drivers see an unattended fire they sound a code engine-whistle—one crow, one long blast, followed by one crow. They repeat the signal as they pass the next station, signal-box, or crossing-keeper's hut.

The engine-whistle known as the crow is an imitation of cock-a-doodle-doo.

SHARING THEIR TREASURES

For many years the CN has advocated the idea of loaning good pictures to people with the object of encouraging interest in our art treasures.

In the Derbyshire village of Chapel-en-Le-Frith Mrs Wert-helm has opened a studio from which good pictures can be borrowed for periods up to three months.

There must be many owners of paintings who would be glad to follow this excellent example, and lend them for a time (under adequate safeguards) to the local school or church.

Shopkeepers From the Services

A STUDENT of the social services, Mr Hermann Levy, directs attention to the important matter of ex-Servicemen as shopkeepers.

He points out that after the war many disabled soldiers will not be able to return to their old jobs, and will be anxious to go into retail trade and acquire a shop. We have some experience of this matter through the Ministry of Pensions, which has too often found that lump-sum payments devoted to buying small businesses have been lost. The risk is very great when small shops are taken over by inexperi-

enced persons, however keen they may be.

The necessity for giving instruction to ex-Servicemen on their return to industry has been pointed out by the Industrial Welfare Society in an article by Major R. A. C. Radcliffe. There is the case of those who had to shut up businesses through war conditions; these are surely entitled to priority. There is a fine opportunity here for the assistance not only of those who desire to pick up their old businesses again, but to newcomers who lack experience, but wish to start new careers.

WHITE NOISE

White noise is what the man in the plane hears, and the faster the plane the whiter the noise. It is made up of all the noises the plane makes.

White light is made up of all the colours—red, yellow, green, blue, and violet—which have different wave lengths. It is the same with sounds of different wave length. Under certain conditions they combine to make White Noise, which may become almost intolerable.

The observer on the ground hears only certain sounds of engine and propeller, and this is not disturbing, but the combination of all the noises inside the plane when it is going at high speed are very trying. Steps are and must be taken in aeroplane design to subdue them.

Back to Their Homeland

ALTER but one word, and lines among the most famous that Scott ever wrote become pathetically fitting to something that is happening today. Included in the forces that America is bringing to the Mediterranean theatre of war are Negroes, strapping champions of Liberty, whose grandparents were slaves.

Their ancestors were abducted from Africa and transported to the New World in the bad old days to work as slaves for the white men. Now descendants of those victims of a vicious age see their homeland for the first time. They look upon Africa, from which their forbears were unscrupulously taken, and they see the land in which their race

was cradled, and coloured by ages of sun-glare. To whom more than to them could those famous lines appeal:

*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!*

If we but substitute the word "ancestral" for "native" we can to some extent realise the thrill of emotion experienced by the Negroes as, for the first time, they look upon the vast continent which was in part theirs before civilisation had yet grown humane and recognised that Freedom is as precious in a native kraal as in the capital of a great nation.

A VOLCANO PROPHET

Early this year a volcano 1000 feet high suddenly burst up in a cornfield in Mexico. It was a very fiery volcano, its flames being visible 100 miles away in Morelia, a township 200 miles west of Mexico City.

It was named the Paricutin cone, and Dr Ezequiel Ordenez, the leading Mexican geologist, went to inspect it. He stayed some time, and observing that the crater was narrowing predicted that another volcano was forming. He was right. The second volcano, a new cone 500 feet west of Paricutin, has burst up and Dr Ordenez was on his way to see it, almost but not quite in time to see its birth.

FOUR DFCs IN ONE-STREET

A single street in Gisborne, New Zealand, has achieved a record this year which must be unique in the whole Empire. Distinguished Flying Crosses have been awarded to four members of the RNZAF whose homes are there. The four airmen are Pilot Officers I. W. Renner, P. L. Sihger, A. M. Singer, and Flight Lieutenant N. A. Williamson; Pilot Officers P. L. and A. M. Singer are twins and were awarded the DFC at the same time.

BRAVO, MR PICKLES

We are all thinking of our miners these days, and there is one at least who deserves an extra thought for his unwearying efforts.

He is Aaron Pickles of Dewsbury, who, although 81, is still at work in the Thornhill Colliery, where he began 72 years ago, and still does the full shift at the coal face. He remembers the days when miners often toiled from Sunday to Saturday without seeing daylight.

ONE OF THE FAMILY

We heard the other day of an old Yorkshireman whose wireless is very much the worse for wear. Said a friend: "Look here, get rid of this antiquated contraption and buy a new set. It will give much better results."

"Nay, lad," murmured the old Yorkshireman, "I reckon I'll not be changing. You see, we've had this here fellow quite a number of years now, and he's never let us down yet . . . and what's more, we've all gotten used to his voice."

The Armada That Never Sailed

It has been officially revealed how near Britain was to invasion in those glorious days of September three years ago.

On September 7 the daylight blitz on London started, with Goering himself in control, and on that day our aerial photographs showed that more than 800 self-propelled barges were gathered in the invasion ports of the Low Countries and France.

On September 9 five big ships, including the 50,000-ton liners Bremen and Europa, were seen at Bremerhaven ready to sail.

On September 13 the barges numbered 1700, packed together

at the great Channel ports from Antwerp to Boulogne.

On September 27 no fewer than 2500 barges had been massed by the enemy.

To prevent reinforcements being sent through London to defend our southern shores the Nazis concentrated their bombing on this great traffic centre, but as the world knows this effort was defeated by our Spitfires and Hurricanes. While this was taking place our attacks were being concentrated on the assembled armada with such great effect that it never sailed, and the threat of invasion waned.



Belgian Net Makers

Hundreds of Belgian fisherfolk who escaped from their homeland when the Nazis marched in have settled in a West of England fishing town, where these women and girls are making new nets for their menfolk.

A PRINCELY GIFT

"We still have chocolates in Egypt, and we are sending you some, hoping that you and the children in some bombed area will enjoy them as much as we do." This was the kindly message accompanying a gift from the Egyptian princesses, Ferial and Fawzia, to our own Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret.

Our princesses forwarded the chocolates to the Mayoress of Hull, and she has distributed them among some young school-children in a badly damaged area of her city.

An Old Russian Pilgrim's Way

THE restoration of the Church in Russia will be an occasion of fervent rejoicing to millions of Russians. At heart the vast majority were always deeply religious people, in whom survived something of the pious ardour that, centuries ago, fired our ancestors to go crusading.

Crusading fervour sustained simple latter-day Russians in the performance of vows such as were made and redeemed by kings and commoners in western Europe during the Middle Ages. A typical example is mentioned in a famous book on Russia by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace who, forty years ago, was intimately acquainted with the country and its inhabitants.

An old nurse, whose mistress was critically ill, vowed that if the patient recovered she would make a pilgrimage, first to what was then known as the Holy City of Kiev, and afterwards to Solovetsk, a much-venerated monastery on an island in the White Sea.

The patient recovered, and the aged nurse, in fulfilment of her vow, achieved her tremendous pilgrimage of thankfulness, a task that involved a walk of more than two thousand miles!

October 9, 1943

The Chil

EDITOR'S TABLE

The 24-Hour Clock

It is rather surprising that it should be so difficult to obtain official approval for the 24-hour clock, the adoption of which by the railways and post-offices would be such a convenience and, as the Astronomer Royal says, would avoid the risk of confusion between a.m. and p.m. times.

The fact that millions of men and women in the Services have become familiar with the 24-hour system should help on the reform; and the day is rapidly approaching when this simplification will be essential to international communications.

SIMPLE FAITH

It was a September evening, following a warm day.

"Look, Jill," exclaimed eight-year-old Doreen, "a lovely rainbow in the sky, and it is not raining."

A pause for thought followed, and then Doreen continued:

"But it is all right, though. God must have put it there to see if it works, because He hasn't taken it out for such a long time."

Food For Thought

PROFESSOR ROBERT H. PLIMMER, who knows all about such important things as proteins and vitamins and calories, has made some pertinent observations in a lecture arranged by the Food Education Society.

Our present rations, he said, were sufficient for our needs, and the national loaf, plus a greater use of vegetables, had improved the nation's health. But one statement he made that will surprise many people was that the child needs his meat ration more than his father; and that if choice were essential it was preferable for father to have bread and jam for dinner and the children the meat.

We think that many fathers might agree with this ruling, but only if it could be interpreted in Lewis Carroll's way—"The rule is, jam tomorrow and jam yesterday—but never jam today."

HAVE YOU REGISTERED?

We have long since grown familiar with the idea of people registering under their age groups. It is a something that has been demanded of full-grown men and women, and of senior boys and girls. Somebody considered, and rightly so, that the times were too precarious for slackness and slovenliness to go unheeded and unchecked. So most of us have had to register, some for duty, some for work, and some for training. We did not relish the idea at first; we felt it was cutting clean across one of the cherished principles of our national life, for in the past we have ordered our lives much as we liked. But times have changed, and it has been decreed that it is not wise for us to go as we please. Taken as a whole, registration has proved to be fair—yes, and fine, too. We are a more disciplined people than we were, and are we not deporting ourselves better as a nation? More people are making a contribution to the nation's well-being; and youth is fitter.

Yes, we have had to register—to record our qualifications—and we have had to do it *By Order*. Many are already speculating as to how long the Order will remain in force, and some are hoping it will be repealed very soon. Well, compulsory registration may be a wartime measure only, but voluntary registration may well and profitably continue. It may come to be looked upon as an honourable duty, something to be welcomed as a privilege. It will be splendid if that is so. It would be a sad reversal if

Britain went back to ragged citizenship when "the war drum throbs no longer." But she need not, and she will not if her people register themselves, voluntarily this time, in order to make their maximum personal contribution in quantity and quality to the nation's new and real requirements.

THE Register is open now for those who are willing to love Britain—despite her faults—better than they have loved her before, and that because Britain's love for them has been poured out unselfishly. There is a Register now waiting for the names of those who wish to pledge themselves to clear their nation's name of the slights and slurs which some of her own people have shamefully cast upon her.

Voluntary registration, to assimilate knowledge; to qualify for honourable professions; to live honestly, to love purely, and to walk humbly with God. Such registrations would lose their value if they were anything but voluntary. The future, and the present, invites us—it does not order us—to register our willingness, our desire, and our determination to live, love, and labour so that the best we have, are, and hope to be is daily dedicated to make and keep this land of ours a home, if not of heroes and heroines, of honourable men and women.

We are being invited now to register ourselves, body, mind, and soul, so that Britain may know what kind and quality of people she can count on when post-war reconstruction becomes a present-day necessity.

Girls and Public Houses

LADY OPENSHAW, Regional Officer for the North West, appeals to the Government to make it illegal for girls under 18 years of age to enter public houses. She says that the innkeepers often cannot tell whether a girl is 14, 16, or 18, and they should be helped to keep out young girls. Lady Openshaw says that girls of 14 frequent public houses and even brag of their capacity to drink heavily. She fears that the effect upon girls will last long after the war.

It is, unfortunately, the desire to "look big" which prompts some young people to indulge in spirits and so-called cocktails; and the State should certainly see that these children are protected against their own vanity.

A HAPPY IDEA

A BOYS' CLUB is being provided by the business men of Chester-le-Street to commemorate Donald Clarke, a 19-year-old Merchant Navy apprentice, who has been posthumously awarded the George Cross for helping to save the lives of his torpedoed shipmates.

This is an idea, we think, well worthy of imitation.



Junior Council

Young people in East Ham have a Council of their own, its members acting the parts of Mayor, Town Clerk, and so on, thus acquiring a useful knowledge of how their town is governed

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THERE is something in a name.

The people of Bogota, capital of our Ally, Colombia, call their trams *Lorencitas*, because their gold-coloured roofs match the golden hair of Madam Lorenza Santos, now on a visit to England with her husband Dr. Eduardo Santos, a former President.

This naïve compliment paid her by admiring countrymen might result in confusion like that which led to a certain embarrassment on the occasion of a Shah of Persia's visit to the Court of Queen Victoria.

On the Duchess of Westminster being presented to him the Shah said reflectively, "Duchess of Westminster—ah! I have heard of you at Teheran." Good gracious! whispered the Duchess to a companion, "he mistakes me for Westminster Abbey!"

Colombia is proud of its trams,

as well it may be seeing that the run at a height of 9000 feet above sea level. Wheeled transport comparatively new in South American republics up in the Andes. The first bus that Ecuador had was sent out in sections from England and carried piecemeal up to Quito, the capital, which lies 9351 feet up in the mountains.

Until then all transport had been by pack-animals. The man responsible for putting the bus together arrived in advance, a gratified local curiosity as wheeled vehicles by making a publicly trundling a wheelbarrow. When the bus was working order it was drawn through the city in solemn procession, with the Archbishop among its first passengers; an service at the cathedral marked the inauguration of that journey of a public conveyance rolling along on wheels.

The League Against Eyesores

WE know that there are many organisations, small and great, all over the country, which seek to preserve its beauties against the inroads of ugly materialism, to scotch the jerry-builder, and remedy the thoughtlessness of neglect. But one London lawyer has a special idea of his own, which we might call a plan for an Anti-Eyesore League, though that is not the name he has chosen for his proposed organisation.

This public-spirited man wishes to create, in all parts of Britain, in towns and in villages, a small group of people who will constitute themselves voluntary guardians of beauty in the district. Whenever some ugly thing is threatened in their district, such as the construction of some grim row of cheap houses

or a horrible-looking factory, the pulling down of some fine building, these people will protest vigorously, and do their best to worry the local authorities, the M.P. of the area into preventing the outrage against scenery and good taste. This law expresses what many of us feel that because we live in the loveliest of all lands, we must guard her loveliness everywhere, and not suffer greed or indifference to mar beauty.

He hopes that the public support the leaders of the League against Eyesores. People generally in this country have much good will in these matters, not much energy. But when enthusiasts show the way British public responds, and our Governments are compelled to take a hand in the helpful work.

Under the Editor's Table

A STATESMAN says he never cut a brilliant figure at school. Did any cut him?

WE are to have a pay-as-you-go tax. Mustn't go before you pay!

A FAMOUS poet knows nothing about sport. It is not in his line.

A MAN says he can never recognise a bar of music. Mistakes it for a bar of soap.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If people who live on nuts bolt their food

SOME Nazi excuses sound a bit thin. Others are a bit thick.

OFFICIALS are to discuss the coal situation. We thought it was down the mine.

WE like a shell egg now and then. It makes a break.

THE price of potatoes has fallen. Somebody dropped a penny.

HOUSEWIVES must be careful with coal. They cannot get slack.

The President, Congress, and Lease-Lend

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, who invented Lease-Lend payments to enable America's friends to carry on war operations, aided by her gigantic resources, has made a further report to Congress upon these operations. This report raises the question whether the Government of the United States will seek to recover *repayment of debt* from those who are benefiting by the American war exports to her allies.

The President showed that up to June 30 this year the British Government had received from America aid to the value of £1114,500,000, while Russia had received war supplies valued at £600,000,000. Tanks, planes, food, and so on, are also received by Russia from our own Government. Many observers have taken the view that the British Government should not demand from our allies repayment for British war supplies, nor America regard her supplies to her allies as creating debts which would cumber the trade and poison the economic life of the world as after the last war.

It was stated, in what was thought to be an official report from America, that President Roosevelt fully accepted the view of war supplies by one ally to another that was entertained by the British when the last war ended in an allied victory against the Central Empires. It was never our desire to collect war debts from our allies in Europe; and we may recall that very much the same view was taken by the British Government in the case of the Napoleonic war debts a century ago. Pitt fought Napoleon with the British Navy and by heavy subsidies to the Continental enemies of the French. Pitt lent Continental nations what was then regarded as an enormous sum, amounting in all to about £57,000,000.

The British Way,

With this money, war subsidies were paid to Spain, Portugal, Sicily, Sardinia, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Bavaria and other countries. These payments enabled them to make war upon France and very little of them was repaid. Thus, when £6,200,000 was lent to Austria, we accepted £2,200,000 in full satisfaction. Portugal, too, was released from debt after repaying small sums for six years.

Unfortunately, after the World War of 1914-1918, America took a different view, with serious results for the world. Not only was

repayment requested to the extent of £50,000,000 a year, but an Act of Congress was passed making it illegal for any foreign Government to borrow more money from America if it had not repaid its war debt.

It was to get rid of this incubus, and to make it possible for America to help her allies, that President Roosevelt induced Congress to adopt the Lease-Lend system, which, as we have seen, has enabled America to become the Treasure House of the United Nations, seeking payment not in gold or goods, but in the splendid reward of a victory earned in a common cause.

The Goal is Freedom

In making this great pronouncement, President Roosevelt went on, it was stated, to repudiate both Reparation and Debts: "The people of the Axis need not fear unconditional surrender to the United Nations. The goal of the United Nations," he continued, "is to permit liberated peoples to create a free political life of their own choosing and to attain economic security in peace." To this he added "Victory and secure peace are the only coins in which we can be repaid."

Unfortunately, it was explained on September 7 that these words were not official, and that President Roosevelt's report to Congress "had been forwarded without his signature and approval during his absence in Quebec." The matter is still in some doubt, and we are left awaiting "an amended version of the report," which is to be forwarded to Congress.

We still hope that the President's amended message will embody in whole or part the acceptance of the principle that when allies supply each other with arms for war purposes, no debt arises to block the ordinary channels of peaceful trade, and to make difficult or impossible those international exchanges which are the life-blood of commerce.

BLACK AND WHITE

IN a plane travelling from the United States to Canada the other day, a distinguished group of passengers had for companions a young Negro from British Guiana, and a Negress from Trinidad. The sympathetic interest of the white people was aroused on finding that the two were both on their way to Montreal University, there to complete their education.

What would Hitler, who has described all coloured people as barbarous black apes, have said of such company, and what would the young students have thought of him? Though the effect of their continued association with white people has been mostly good, Negroes in their natural state in Africa usually regard us with aversion. Our colour and features are as dis-

tasteful to them as are theirs to some white people.

Mungo Park, the great African traveller, was astonished to hear the Negroes who rescued him from starvation, and nursed him back to health, chaffing him on the whiteness of his skin, which they cordially disliked; and on the prominence of his nose, the shape of which they thought unnatural and malformed.

Sir Richard Burton, too, was greeted with mocking laughter by Negroes, crying, "Does he not look like a white ape?" Yet a third such traveller was regarded by the Negroes with horror, for they thought he must be a demon; white, according to them, being inevitably the colour of evil spirits. So Hitler had better not ask Negro opinion concerning himself.

CARRY ON

The Message of the Heavens

THERE is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

Lord Bolingbroke

MAN'S GUIDING SPIRIT

FAITH is, than knowledge, more supremely great, And greater than the mind itself the soul;

Our God, who measured out the worlds by weight

And marked the limit where the waves might roll,

Has sent His Holy Spirit for our Guide,

A power that nothing known on earth may crush,

Though all the surges of His blessed tide

Are gentle as a summer evening's blush.

Such is the power that stirs within the heart

When we will face disaster and dismay

And will not from that holy freedom part

Which fills the souls of all who walk Christ's way;

The power of God Himself no foe can break,

Nor cause the pillars of His throne to shake. T. Pittaway

When Morning Breaks

IT is written in the skies; it is fixed for ever in the human mind. A man may fall for freedom, but he "falls to rise, is baffled to fight better, sleeps to wake." There is no failure in the purposes of God. We may sleep, and the bodily temples we inhabit may pass through changes rich and strange; but we move on with all created things, from step to step, from realms we know to realms beyond our dreams, until at last the morning breaks, the full day dawns, and the shadows flee away.

Arthur Mee

DEEPER REVERENCE

DEAR LORD and Father of Mankind, Forgive our foolish ways; Reclothe us in our rightful mind; In purer lives, Thy service find, In deeper reverence, praise.

John Greenleaf Whittier

Ever Onward

MY idea is this: Ever onward. If God had intended that man should go backward, He would have given him an eye in the back of his head.

Victor Hugo

THE BUGLE

Who stands upon the mountain's crest,
Heir of the burning sun,
And with a trumpet at his lips
Blows every call save one?
Tis Youth, whom none can overthrow,
And nothing shall defeat;
Hark how his lifted trumpet sounds
All calls except Retreat.

The terrors of black night descend

Upon that steadfast form;
Fierce flash the lightnings, thunders roll,

The chariot of the storm;
But firmer still on that wild crag

Youth plants his golden feet,
And lifts his trumpet to his lips,
And never sounds Retreat.

The night shall pass, the dawn will come;

Fear not, ye trembling old,
Man's path lies upward through the stars,

And heaven is for the bold!

Youth's trumpet rings from height to height,
On to the Judgment Seat!
Only the coward soul would sound
The traitor-call Retreat!

Youth faces always to the Light,
Great courage fills his heart,
Ever for him the sun will shine,
Ever the night depart:
His faith is in the power of Right,
His truth no shame can cheat;
Ten thousand times he'd rather die
Than sound a base Retreat.

His trumpet rings wherever Right

Goes up to conquer Wrong;
Old Science hears it at his toil,
The Poet through his song;

In garrets where brave Genius starves,

And on through street to street,
The trumpet of the mountain calls:

"On, Pilgrim! No retreat!"

Harold Begbie

The Sureness of Truth

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised

a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent that he that runs may read them.

He is the last man that finds himself to be found out.

Archbishop Tillotson

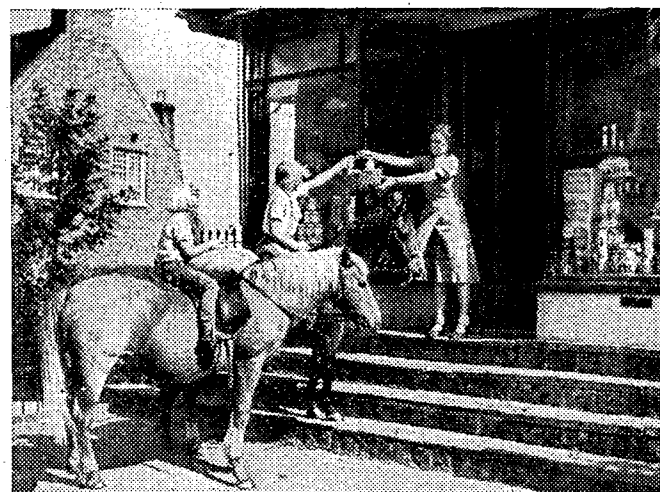
YOU WILL REMEMBER

You will remember these dark years of war,
Not only for so many a valiant deed,
But for the things peace-loving folk abhor:
Destruction and the hearts that mourn and bleed.

You will remember, for you shared the load,
Endured, and smiled, and held your courage high.
This, to your elders, bearing more, you owed.
Childhood for you, it seemed, was passing by.

And yet, because of this, my brave young friend,
Through all your later years of well-won peace,
You'll set your course, determined to the end,
To work and plan and teach that war may cease.

The trust is yours. That faith, I know, you'll keep.
Be strong, far-seeing, selfless, 'wise and bold,
Remembering those, our glorious dead, who sleep.
Then God will see a better world unfold. W. Spencer Leeming



THIS ENGLAND

Wartime shopping at the grocer's in a village of Kent

Staunch Little Switzerland

Now that Italy is at war with the Nazis, little Switzerland, with hardly more than four million inhabitants, is surrounded on all sides by the menace of a still powerful Germany.

That menace, if it is directed against her independence, Switzerland is still ready to defy, with arms if need be. General Guisan, the Swiss Commander-in-Chief, made this clear three years ago, when all Europe except Sweden, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, and Switzerland lay under Hitler's heel. The Swiss today live on an "island" entirely surrounded by Nazis; but they are determined to keep that island as inviolable as our own.

It is not a cheering prospect, for with her growing difficulties in using other routes to supply and reinforce her troops in Italy, Germany may demand the use of the two important railway lines which run through Swiss territory via the famous St Gothard and Simplon tunnels. Both these have been heavily mined, and General Guisan has rushed every available man to their neighbourhood to ensure their defence against sudden attack by Nazi paratroops. If Hitler thought he could bring off such an attack without too great a sacrifice, he would undoubtedly try it.

But we are sure it would not succeed. The Swiss Cantons have fought throughout the centuries, always with success, to keep the freedom they love. Switzerland has been a single and united nation since the inviolability of her territory was recognised by the Congress of Vienna in 1815. True, she is a

federation of three European peoples—Germans, French, and Italian—with a small percentage of the tiny Romansch people in the Canton of Grisons; and the German-speaking Swiss form 71 per cent of the whole. But that does not mean that Switzerland is German, or that she has any quislings. The Federal Government has dealt severely with the few Nazis in the country, and has stood up stoutly against all pretensions by Hitler and Goebbels to browbeat her newspapers and force them into silence about German atrocities and German failures. Moreover, Switzerland has ever been to the fore in helping the victims of Nazi oppression.

Germany has been able to make good use of Switzerland hitherto in the sphere of trade. The Swiss are fine mechanics, and cut off as they have been from all other markets they have no choice but to send their manufactures to the Nazis. In the making of precision instruments for munitions of all kinds Swiss craftsmen are unrivalled, and we cannot blame them for supplying Germany with these, and with other essential manufactures and agricultural supplies. But that does not mean that they are pro-Nazi.

The free men and women of Switzerland intend to remain free, and their nerves are steady. This gallant little "island" in a Nazi sea will stand fast.

A RUSSIAN VILLAGE CLUB When the Day's Work Is Done

A few weeks ago the C N told the story of an 18-year-old Russian girl on a farm behind The Long Red Line. That was a story of hard work. This is a story of well-ordered leisure when the hard day's work is done.

The village of Sokolovo is in the Tambov district, a long way from the nearest railway and main road, and surrounded by dense forests. A few years ago it was a remote, unimportant corner of the country; but today it is the cultural centre of a big agricultural district.

Most of the educational facilities of the village are centred around the village club, with a young girl, Sarah Rivkina, in charge. She herself has fitted out the club rooms, and collected books for the library, and the farmer who drops in to while away his leisure hours always finds daily papers and magazines.

War's Changes

The war has wrought vital changes in the club programme. One of them is "Military Corner" with posters on the walls bearing inscriptions like "How to fight incendiaries, and How to render first aid to victims of gas poisoning. Then there is Defence Circle, where young farmers study the working of machine-guns, and air-raid precautions.

But the clubs' activities are many, and not all warlike. There is a dramatic circle whose members usually entertain the people of their own village, but often go on tour to outlying farms. There is a choir, an orchestra, and a ballet group. There are study courses in animal husbandry, with a young veterinary surgeon as leader.

The village girls also gather at the club in the evenings to prepare gifts for the men at the Front, and they can be seen busy sewing, knitting, and embroidering. Ana Rivkina, the club leader, is a general favourite, for she is not wanting in new ideas to make the club attractive to young and old, an ideal place to pass a leisure hour after a strenuous day in the fields.

Caterpillar Tracks For Aeroplanes

A remarkable and revolutionary type of aeroplane undercarriage, has successfully been tested at Wright Field, U.S.A.

It has two rubber and steel cable caterpillar tracks, each turning on two large and three small drums. To save weight the drums and the chief members are made of elektron, and although it is more bulky than the orthodox undercarriage, it is hoped that a retractable version will be designed.

The idea originated in the offices of the Dowty Company, the British undercarriage firm, and was developed in the U.S.A. chiefly for use on large, heavy aircraft. In its recent tests it was fitted to an American Douglas-Boston. Normal wheel brakes and shock-absorbing struts were used, and the nose wheel of the tricycle undercarriage was retained.



RAF Moves In

Shortly after the Eighth Army captured Reggio airfield our Engineers set to work levelling the surface and making it fit for RAF Spitfires to operate

Ancient Britons Still With Us

THERE is good news of some of our ancient Britons.

They are the famous wild cattle at Chillingham Park, Northumberland, owned by Lord Tankerville.

After existing for many centuries the herd was in danger of extinction, but Lord Tankerville has reported to the Chillingham Wild Cattle Association that the herd, reduced three years ago to 29, has now increased to 39, just one short of the old average of 40.

The North American bison, reduced from millions, were saved when they had become almost as few, and have so increased under preservation that, merely to avoid outgrowing their pasture, they have to be thinned out by four thousand in a single year.

The Chillinghams, white with red ears, are believed to be descendants of the wild aurochs, huge animals that once roamed all Europe. They were probably red, as all wild cattle are. Confinement for successive generations tends to the whitening of the coats of such cattle, with only traces of the original red, as about the ears and muzzle.

These Chillingham animals are among the most ancient of Britons, and greatly to be treasured. During a cattle plague in Scotland some years ago a similar herd at Hamilton Palace was taken down coal mines in order to prevent contagion from reaching the animals. They continued white in the blackness of the underworld!

Happy Workers are Good Workers

WHAT is an adequate minimum wage to maintain the happiness and efficiency of workers?

At the Institute of Labour Management Conference the other day, the suggestion was made by Mr J. Hansard, a director of Unilever, that the principle of a guaranteed week which was introduced for the dockers in wartime should be extended. A guaranteed month, or perhaps a guaranteed quarter, for workers would give the masses security of tenure against short time and unemployment, against loss of income through sickness.

Mr Hansard explained that he meant security of income at a normal level and not at the present or even "Beveridge" level of State assistance. This would avoid cleavage between employer and employee, and ensure the maximum output of each individual. Without an adequate basic wage the most perfect working conditions would not produce satisfactory results. As to the amount of the guaranteed wage, he added, it does not look as though it could be much less than £4 a week after the war for an adult male, if the cost of living then is at the present level.

A GOOD DEED LONG REMEMBERED

COMMISSIONER DAVID LAMB, the Salvation Army chief, retired two years ago and went to the States to tell Americans how we were facing our trials and sacrifices. Today he is back, 77 years young, with many a good story to tell. One of these is of a meeting at which a man came to him and said, "Thirty-two years ago you and your wife did me a good turn. Here are 32 dollars,

one for each year since your kindness."

But his best story is the continuous one of the growing esteem of all Americans for the nation which once stood alone for freedom. "Everywhere I went," says Mr Lamb, "the topic was London and its resistance."

We think that will be a topic of world-wide interest and discussion for many a long year.

BEDTIME CORNER PITTYPAT AND TIPPYTOE

ALL day long they come and go,
Pittypat and Tippytoe;
Footprints up and down the hall,
Playthings scattered on the floor,
Finger-marks along the wall,
Tell-tale smudges on the door:
By these presents you shall know
Pittypat and Tippytoe.



Sometimes there are griefs to soothe,
Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth;
For (I much regret to say)
Tippytoe and Pittypat
Sometimes interrupt their play
With an internecine spat;
Fie, for shame, to quarrel so,
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

Oh, the thousand worrying things
Every day recurrent brings!
Hands to scrub and hair to brush,
Search for playthings gone amiss;
Many a wee complaint to hush,

Many a little bump to kiss;
Life seems one vain, fleeting show
To Pittypat and Tippytoe!

But when comes this thought to me;
Some there are that childless be,
Stealing to their little beds
With a love I cannot speak,
Tenderly I stroke their heads,
Fondly kiss each velvet cheek,
God help those who do not know

A Pittypat and Tippytoe!
Eugene Field

The Boys and the Frogs

A PARTY of mischievous boys were playing in a field near a pond. When they got tired of running about they gathered at the side of the pond and amused themselves by throwing stones at the unfortunate frogs as often as they showed their heads above water.

At last an old frog put his head out and said: "Boys, you don't seem to think that though this may be play to you it is death to us."

Never play games that are cruel.

PRAYER

O LORD, make me grateful for all the comforts and blessings of this day, and make me worthy of the goodness of all my friends to me. Watch over me this night and give me health and strength that I may serve Thee by being kind and true.—Amen.

Forced Marches That Have Changed the World

SPEED and endurance are factors as potent as hitting-power in the operations of our Eighth Army. The Prime Minister has told of the "giant strides" with which these warriors advanced from the toe of Italy, struggling along appalling mountainous routes at a sustained pace that astounded even experts.

Montgomery and his veterans were, indeed, emulating the achievement of an army which, 21 centuries ago, made a prolonged forced march, over the same course and beyond, to decide the fate of the world.

Hannibal, the Carthaginian, for nine years after his victory at Cannae had pursued a career of unmatched conquest in Italy. An almost exhausted Rome was already in danger of overthrow, when, in B.C. 207, Hasdrubal, a brother of Hannibal, entered northern Italy with reinforcements. Hannibal was in the south, at the Eighth Army's starting point. Should the brothers and their armies meet Rome must fall, and with her Western civilisation.

Three Roman armies were sent north to seek and try to hold back Hasdrubal, while three other armies were despatched south to keep touch with Hannibal. The consul, Caius Nero, in command of one of the southern armies, had the good fortune to capture messengers sent by Hasdrubal to describe to Hannibal the east coast route he proposed to follow, and to appoint a place of meeting for the two armies.

A Roman Consul's Feat

Although it was a grave offence for a Roman general to venture beyond the area assigned him, Nero risked his head by instantly taking 6000 infantry and 1000 cavalry from his army and secretly setting forth, approximately by General Montgomery's route, for the north, to join the northern commander confronting Hasdrubal, about 200 miles away.

Day and night the Romans marched, feeding as they went; blessed and benefited by the countryfolk, who lent farm wagons and other vehicles so that exhausted troops could in turn

sleep and ride while the rest marched.

Never was there a more momentous march, never one more punishing; but the object was achieved. At dead of night Nero marched his men in silence into the camp of the Roman army lying near the River Metaurus, near the town now called Sinigaglia. By the river lay the hosts of Hasdrubal. In the battle that followed his unguessed arrival, Nero found his front a natural Mareth Line, so, anticipating General Montgomery's manoeuvre, he wheeled his force left in rear of the rest of the Roman army and fell on the Carthaginian right flank with such ardour that the enemy broke and was annihilated, Hasdrubal being among the slain. From that hour Hannibal and his hope of Carthaginian domination of the world were doomed. Rome was saved, and though Hannibal held out for a while in southern Italy he had to return to face an invading Roman army in Africa and suffer defeat at Zama.

This island of ours, too, has witnessed forced marches that have changed history. The great forced march of Harold from Stamford Bridge to Hastings in 1066 proved unavailing for the last of our Saxon dynasty, but the thunderous gallop through the night of Cromwell with his 600 cavalry led to the defeat of Charles Stuart at Naseby. Not until six o'clock on that June morning of 1645 did Cromwell reach the Parliamentary forces under Fairfax. Cromwell's men and horses had barely recovered breath when the Cavaliers were

upon them; yet before the day ended that forced march was crowned by an overwhelming victory that left the king without army, guns, or those secret papers that revealed the tortuous policy he had been following, and settled his eventual fate.

Historians see in the marvellous campaign in 1704 of the Duke of Marlborough a modern equivalent of the march of Caius Nero. Beginning in the Low Countries, it was a protracted series of secret forced marches, extending over 300 miles, and bringing Marlborough to the decisive field of Blenheim.

A briefer forced march of immortal consequence was that of Blücher, with his Prussians, to the aid of Wellington at Waterloo. Defeated by Napoleon at Ligny, he retired to Wavre, where he swore that he would join Wellington on the following day. Rains had made the 20 miles of roads almost impassable; guns were bogged, men and horses exhausted. But the old Marshal told his troops that he had promised his "brother Wellington," and he must keep his word.

The Relief of Lucknow

In the literature of marching against time and odds the feats of Havelock and Campbell in redeeming Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny shine heroic among many marvels of endurance compassed by Britons during those terrible days.

Forced marches are in our own time an essential for victory, and one of the most effective and novel in the last war was the forced march of General Gallieni, Military Governor of Paris, who, packing taxicabs with reinforcements, sent them to the Ourcq and saved the French 6th Army. The taxis of Paris won the first Battle of the Marne, which proved that German hordes were not invincible. It was the end of the beginning and the beginning of the end.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH COUNSELLOR OF STATE

"A message from his Majesty, signed by his own hand."

The familiar words were heard in Parliament again when an amendment of the Regency Act was suggested, so that Princess Elizabeth should be included among the Counsellors of State appointed during the illness or the absence of the Sovereign from the country.

The Counsellors of State, five in number, are the King's Consort and those persons next in succession to the Crown; and as the law stands none of these may be under 21.

Princess Elizabeth will be 18 next April and, should the unhappy occasion arise, she would then be able to succeed the King without the appointment of a Regent. Yet, without the amendment now sought, she could not act as a Counsellor in her father's absence.

The message to Parliament went on to say that it is the wish of the King and Queen that Princess Elizabeth should have every opportunity of gaining experience in duties which would fall to her in the event of her accession.

The calling of our Princess to the Regency Council is a symbol of the great part Youth is to play in the new world that will come with the Peace.

Black Diamonds From Our Green Fields

AN increasing quantity of Britain's coal is coming from the surface of our fields and meadows by mining called "open cast" operation, and in Yorkshire, particularly, tractor-driven scrapers can be seen shifting the soil from open spaces and making deep trenches, wide and deep enough to bury a row of cottages.

But before these operations begin, of course, vital preliminary work has been done, and drawings by Ministry of Works officials have shown engineers the direction the coal takes, the dips, curves, and other characteristics of the seams.

When the surface mining actually begins the giant scrapers first take off the top soil and tip it apart from other excavated material. Great beds of dirt below the surface soil—to a depth of 100 feet—are tipped alongside until the first seam of coal has been brought within scraping distance. When the scrapers have bared the coal seams, skimmer-scoops, exactly as their names imply, pick up the coal and tip it into waiting lorries.

The earth from the second trench is carried to the top of the lift of land, which formed the site, and is then tipped so as to lie immediately behind the final trench, which it will ultimately fill. Earth taken from the third trench goes into the second trench, and so on.

But at the end of the excavating, coal-getting, and trench-filling operations, a site has a simply appearance and sometimes growth on the replaced soil is retarded for years; and it is a melancholy thought that for all his ingenuity, man so far has found no adequate way of healing the inevitable scars made by

mining and quarrying. However, wartime is not the time for solving such problems (a man fighting for his life cannot stop to brush his clothes) and with the forges of war making insatiable demands on coal the work must go on.

The present output for open-cast mining is estimated at 100,000 tons a week throughout the country; but the work is to be extended to produce a greatly increased tonnage of coal next year, and in the Yorkshire region it is expected that output will be increased three or four times over.

Today little white stakes in the stubble and pasturage and alongside woodlands and lanes indicate the run of intended coaling activities.

ORANGE FOR SAFETY

The C.N. recently told how orange-coloured Balaclava helmets are being knitted for our merchant seamen so that they may be more easily seen in the sea after being torpedoed.

Now comes news that the idea has been adopted by some of our miners, for it has been found that the wearing of orange-coloured steel helmets makes them stand out clearer to truck drivers in the colliery, and so saves many a serious accident.



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

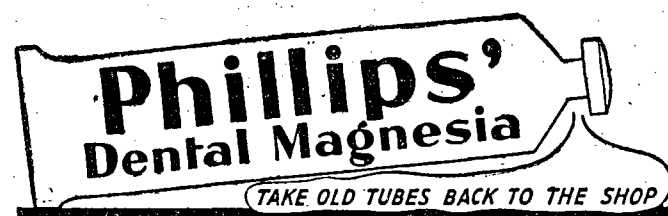
Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.

His teeth need YOUR care-

Mother, you can do something for your child for which he will thank you throughout his life. By taking proper care now you can ensure his having sound teeth when he grows up. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia', which corrects acid-mouth—so often the cause of dental decay.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant mild flavour.

1/1d. and 1/10½d.



* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

BLACKOUT

FIVE-YEAR-OLD did not like the dark.

"You must not be afraid of the dark, dear," said Mother.

"But, Mummie," protested the little one, "it gets in my eyes and I can't see anything."

Morocco Leather

MOROCCO leather is made from the skins of goats and tanned with sumac, and was so named after one of the Barbary States where it was originally made.

Jacko Has a Fall

THERE were usually so many rabbits in a field which Jacko knew that he felt sure he could catch one easily. "You watch me," he said to Chimp, as he crept on tiptoe towards a tree behind which a family of rabbits were playing. Making a sudden dash forward Jacko tripped over an exposed root. Even as he fell Jacko remembered to grab, but, of course, the bunnies were too quick for him. "I'm watching you!" gleefully cried Chimp as Jacko sprawled on the ground, empty-handed.

THE CHEETAH

THE cheetah, often known as the hunting leopard, the fleetest animal on earth, has for centuries been trained for hunting in India. The strange thing about it is that if born in captivity it makes a docile pet, but is of no use whatever as a hunter.

Apparently in "domestic environment" the parents are quite unable to convey hunting ability to their young, and so the cheetah has always to be captured from the wilds before it can be trained for this purpose.

The Worst Volcanic Eruption

IN August 1883, two-thirds of the Island of Krakatoa was blown to pieces by a volcanic eruption, the biggest in modern times. A cubic mile of earth and lava was flung into the sky, and an air wave laden with volcanic dust circled the Earth four times, causing remarkably vivid sunsets.

Thirty-five thousand lives were lost as a result of the explosion, and the noise of it was heard 2000 miles away in Australia.



DELICIOUS, NOURISHING
Best Coupon Value!
Controlled price 6d per 1/4 lb.

Undignified Schoolmaster

AN eccentric schoolmaster of Harrow went to school every day in a barrow. When his pupils all cried, "This is not dignified!" He maintained that their views were too narrow.

THE PENNY CROSS

HERE is a little catch problem to try on your friends. Ask them to make a perfectly regular cross with seven pennies so that there shall be five coins in a line in each direction.

When they have failed you show them how it can be done by placing three of the pennies on top of each other to make the centre of the cross and using the remaining four to form the four arms.

Do You Know

THAT Iceland is not the land of ice that its name suggests? The island is never surrounded by ice. There are some glaciers, but the climate of Iceland is not very severe in winter and is warm in summer.

That Jack Cade, the leader of the insurrection in the reign of Henry VI, was not an ignorant and vulgar rebel as Shakespeare made him appear to be in the second part of his play, King Henry VI? Cade was a landowner in Kent, and he married a squire's daughter.

That Dick Whittington—or Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London—did not owe his fame and fortune to a cat? The story is an old legend that is found in the literature of many countries far earlier than the time in which Whittington lived.

Keeping Away Rust

ARTICLES of bright steel are very likely to rust, especially in damp weather. A very good way of preventing this is to dust the object with powdered quicklime.

Riddles About Clocks

WHAT is always behind time?
The back of a clock.

What is the difference between a clock and a partnership?
When a clock is wound up it goes; when a firm is wound up it stops.

Why is a clock the most persevering thing in creation? Because it is never more inclined to go on with its business than when it is completely wound up.

Why is a clock a pattern of modesty? Because it covers its face with its hands and runs down its own works.

When is a clock a reminder of labour unrest? When it strikes.

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, October 6, to Tuesday, October 12.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Submarine Alone, an adventure serial by Gilbert Hackforth-Jones, told by Ivan Samson—Part 1, Kidney Island; followed by Victor Harding in songs by Michael Mullinar. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Easier Said Than Done, a play by Marjorie Wynn-Williams about a husband who always grumbled until one day his wife said to him, "Right, then you stay home to do the work and we'll see how you'll get on," and he did! 5.50 Letter from America.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Mystery at Witch-

end, a new serial play by Barbara Sleight, based on the book by Malcolm Saville—Part 1, the Long Mynd.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Scottish Children's Theatre Company in Folk Tunes, Plays, and Rhymes, directed by Bertha Waddell.

SUNDAY, 5.20 The Peasant and the Serpent, a Georgian Folk Tale play by Beryl M. Jones, produced by Morfudd Mason Lewis.

MONDAY, 5.20 Sir Boggetty Bitt, a story for the youngest listeners by Margaret Gibbs, told by Elizabeth; followed by Music at Random, by Helen Henschel; and the Zoo Man.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Young Artists.

Nature's Optical Illusion

A MIRAGE is an optical illusion and actually shows a real scene. It is due to the rays of light being bent as they travel through layers of air of different density, so that things below the horizon appear above it.

Familiar Latin Phrases

Status quo, the state in which. Alter ego, another self, a double.

Nota bene, N.B., mark well.

Sub poena, under a penalty.

Per se, by itself considered.

In toto, in the whole, entirely.

NAUTICAL

OFFICER on the bridge (much put out): Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?

Voice from the engine-room: Not at this end, sir.

The Children's Newspaper, October 9, 1943

The Clan of Mac

WHEN the Mackerel met the Macaw He exclaimed, "Won't you give me your claw? We're of Scottish descent, So for friends we were meant." And the other Mac said "To be sure."

The Hairs of Your Head

THE number of hairs on a person's head varies according to the thickness of the hair. Red hair is coarsest, and it is estimated that a red-haired person has about 30,000 hairs. Black-haired people have about 100,000, while very fair people have the most of all, about 150,000.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

| | |
|-------|-------|
| HORSE | ASS |
| EDIT | MINE |
| WIG | COMIC |
| NIGHT | PT |
| F | DROOP |
| AS | AIRED |
| CHAIR | DAB |
| TOWN | CARE |
| SEE | BALED |

Men in a Crowd
1500

A Puzzle Problem
Hoist your sail when the wind is fair.

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JOHN DAVIS, F. STANLEY BATES

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